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THE

Commonweal

Achievements and Failures

AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY

by Harold C. Hinton

From England

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

by J. L. Benvenisti

The American Farm

JOURNEY THROUGH CHANGE

by Lawrence T. King

olume LXV, No. 3 October 19, 1956 Twenty Cents

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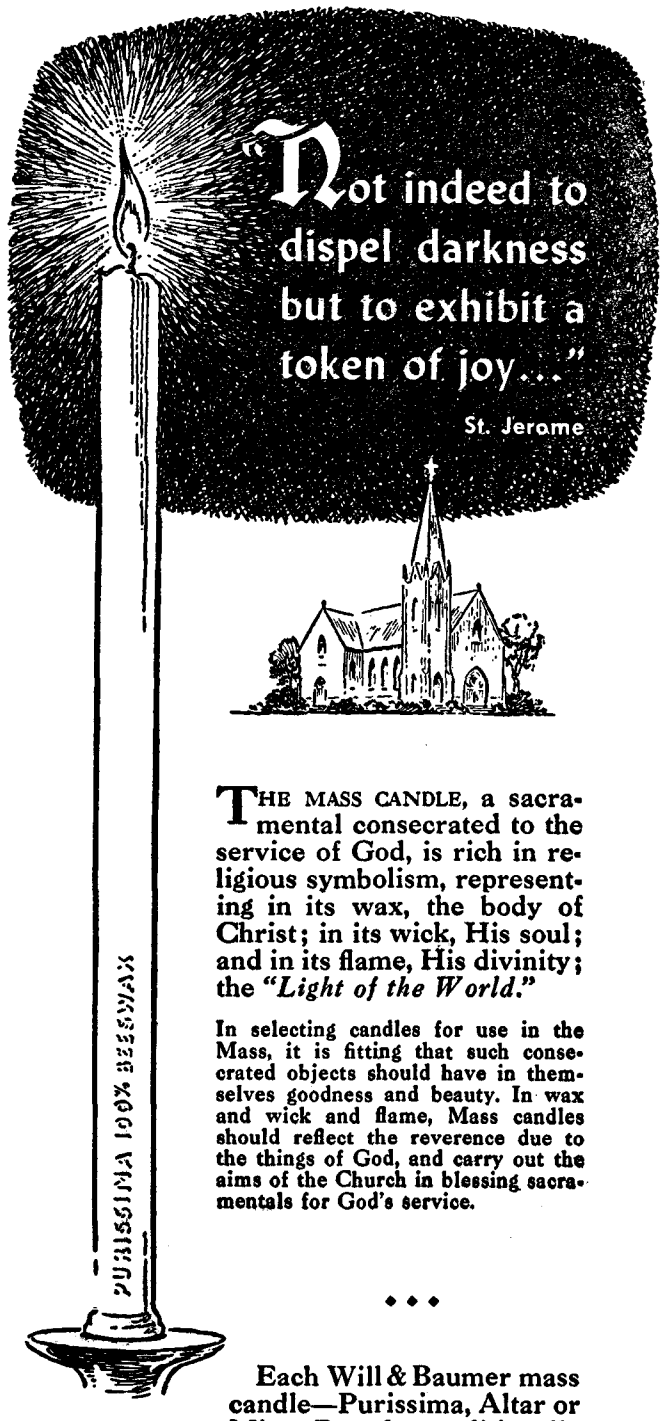

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1956 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 20¢

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

GROWING UNCERTAINTY

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO the probable outcome of the national elections was a topic that could rouse a discussion but rarely a debate. For after the brief uncertainty that followed the President's heart attack the outcome seemed certain. President Eisenhower's personal popularity, it was said, would undoubtedly sweep him into office, and he would carry with him, as he did in 1952, much of the Republican ticket. Many commentators followed the early struggle for the Democratic nomination with a measure of detachment, as if they were observing an internecine battle whose greatest spoils would be a transitory honor, but not real political opportunity. And the nomination of Adlai Stevenson seemed to promise little more than a re-run of the last election.

Now, less than a month before election day, the outcome seems less certain. The party spokesmen, of course, play the roles that tradition and political psychology have assigned to them. They forecast the election of their respective candidates as if they were predicting the rising of tomorrow's sun. With just that touch of caution which is demanded of the sure winner lest the customer be complacent or indifferent, the Republicans speak of Ike as leader of the country for the next four years and ask only that he be given a cooperative, Republican Congress. And with the aggressiveness allowed the confident contender, Mr. Stevenson's manager, James A. Finnegan, says that the Democrats will probably capture all forty-eight states.

But columnists, editorial writers and pundits, even those who would rather be right than partisan, are taking another look at the shifting political scene. Their informed guesses about the results of the election are imbedded in uncertainty and hedged about by qualifications. Those who appear most certain allow place for a loophole. Yet our country has seen few significant changes in the last several months. Why, then, is there a noticeable change in the political climate?

ONE REASON for the uncertainty and caution is the memory of the last two national elections. Neither the upset of 1948 nor the landslide of 1952 had been foreseen. The average voter is no longer trusted; he will not always fulfill the expectations of others. As election day draws near, the lesson is recalled, and strengthened by polls which show that a large bloc of voters remains uncommitted to either candidate or to either party.

The growing optimism of Adlai Stevenson and his followers can be partially accounted for by the resurgence of Democratic strength and activity throughout the country. Local victories indicate a trend that Democrats hope will reach to the very top, to the Presidency itself. This trend, coupled with the strenuous, hard-hitting campaign of Adlai Stevenson, has even drawn the President out of his corner and into a debate. The great question, said the President, is which of the two political parties has most helped the country. Mr. Stevenson was eager to reply. Charge, reply, and counter-charge over various issues will now be the order of the day.

The issues which at once divide the candidates and provide campaign material are easy to catalogue. Foreign policy is of minor significance, but not because it is unimportant. Mr. Stevenson has made strong contributions and telling hits here. But almost all agree that as an issue it will leave most voters unmoved. Segregation is one of the most complex and demanding issues on the domestic scene, but in spite of Mr. Stevenson's recent strong statements, neither candidate seems to have gained or lost on the issue. Only on questions of the draft and H-bomb tests are the two candidates at logger-heads, and there is still much room

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for clarification. On the farm issue the question is one of assigning responsibility for the past and planning for the future; this debate continues.

Unfortunately the farm issue does not serve as a token of what primarily is determining the direction of the campaign. For the campaign is turning less on what policies will be best in the future than on what policies were bad in the past. Mr. Stevenson has, quite naturally, attempted to associate the President with his party, to hold him responsible for its shortcomings and weaknesses. And the Republicans, particularly Richard Nixon, have tried to burden Mr. Stevenson with the faults of the last Democratic Administration. As the fear grows that the "high road" is one which, historically, bypasses the White House, each candidate makes his charges stronger. But here Mr. Stevenson has a manifest advantage. He can claim his independence from the Truman Administration more easily than the President can from his own.

REVIVAL OF THE THIRD FORCE

DOUBTLESS certain Frenchmen were the most outspoken advocates of the "Third Force" idea which won many adherents in Western Europe in the early days of the cold war. It had several basic motivations. Perhaps uppermost and most general was understandable fear of another war on native soil, fear that war-scarred Europe would serve as the battleground of a war between Soviet Russia and the United States. For some, however, the concept served largely as an expression of their disdain for what they believed to be the predominantly materialistic way of life in the United States—and to a lesser extent in the rival USSR. Still others welcomed the neutralist Third Force idea as consonant with their Socialist ideals. Some observers maintained for a time that the Social Democrats and Socialists of Britain and Western Europe would band together in the postwar years as an effective anti-Communist bulwark.

As the weaknesses of these various advocates and political groups became increasingly manifest and the tempo of the struggle quickened, leading to the showdown of the Korean War, the prospect faded and NATO was born; only recently has the Third Force idea begun to reassert itself enough to be reported again in the columns of the American press. This time, however, it has a number of protagonists with a different political outlook. There is a certain irony in the fact that it has received its greatest boost from reactions to this country's failure to provide consistent and all-out support for British and French national interests in the Suez crisis. (Germany seeks closer ties with Britain and France because of the prospect of American troop withdrawals from Europe.)

Once again the Third Force is anti-American in its orientation. Where it represents an effort to hold on to colonial stakes to the last, it is weakest; where it manifests the greatest possibilities is in the area of regional free trade—the prospect of a British-European customs union and common market for all but farm products, for that would mean for the first time (if acceptable qualifications can be worked out for the British) a European domestic market embracing more people than the present population of the United States. The intended European unity is to be economic, political and military, so that the bloc would be an entity to contend with.

Theoretically there is much to be said for the establishment of a friendly if independent power-bloc of Britain and the nations of Western Europe. Off and on it has even served as an objective of American foreign policy. That the new proposed Third Force has such important foundations in colonialism, neutralism, war-weariness and outright anti-Americanism tends in this country to obscure the possibilities inherent in the long-awaited getting together of these ancient and free peoples.

VOICES FROM OUTER SPACE

THROUGHOUT the course of this campaign, we have largely confined our political comment to the affairs of the Democratic and Re-

NEXT WEEK

HORACE GREGORY writes about Samuel Beckett in the Fall Book Number.

"In his writings, the emotions caused by terror, pity, despair, the death-wish, and love are purged by laughter. Beckett achieves a nearly classical distinction, ancient enough, but he has renewed it in twentieth century terms, of what comedy should be; his heroes are mock-tragic heroes, "Dying Gladiators," yet never attaining respect among living creatures around them, or a desired funereal dignity. They are never completely damned or blessed. They inhabit purgatory."

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publican Parties, and to the policy statements of Messrs. Eisenhower and Stevenson. In many ways, we now realize, this may have been a mistake. There is, for example, a certain fascination about the Presidential aspirations of independent candidate T. Coleman Andrews. After all, how often can one expect to find the retired Commissioner of Internal Revenue seeking the highest office in the land by proclaiming, as Mr. Andrews does, that the income tax is right out of the Communist Manifesto? Covering Mr. Andrews' campaign would seem to hold infinitely more promise of diversion than the staid goings-on of the two major parties, and we wish now that we had paid more attention to him earlier.

It took a press report on a speech by J. B. Matthews, however, to make us wonder momentarily if we had been complicating our lives and making work for ourselves without any real reason. A friendly report on the meeting at which the speech was delivered described Dr. Matthews in enthusiastic terms. "Long a national figure in the fight to expose the Communist conspiracy," the description went, he "served as Executive Director of the United States Senate Committee on Investigations while its chairman was Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and prior to that he was Research Director of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Besides outstanding service to the nation while serving with Congressional committees, Dr. Matthews has aided legislative committees engaged in investigating and exposing the Communist conspiracy in education, in government and in the arts, sciences and professions. He was recently described by Congressman Martin Dies as 'the best informed man in America on Communism and the Communists.' "

A certain amount of omission, of course, is necessary in any abbreviated notice such as this one on Dr. Matthews, but in this case we were particularly struck with the kind of selectivity that was displayed. First of all, although the description of his qualifications was fulsome, nowhere did the reader learn that in a previous political incarnation Dr. Matthews was one of the most assiduous joiners of Communist Party-fronts in America and that in more than a dozen of them he served as an officer, including a term as chairman of the American League Against War and Facism. If such information had been included, most Americans would, we think, rejoice as we do that Dr. Matthews' Party-front days are behind him. But at the same time they might very well wonder if his political judgment today is quite all it is cracked up to be. Even more interesting was the fact that nowhere in the account, although it was written in the past tense, was there any indication of what Dr. Matthews had told his audience. Fascinated with this omission, which may have been due to nothing more than an early deadline (although the audience was described as "large and enthusiastic"), we pursued the matter further and found another report on the meeting which, although short, did shed some light on the affair. According to this newspaper account, the gist of Dr. Matthews' message was simple enough. The Democratic and the Republican Parties, he said, were simply "two factions" of "the Socialist movement in the United States." Under these circumstances the duty of the conscientious citizen was clear. He had, said Dr. Matthews, a "sacred responsibility to abstain from voting" in the coming election.

To most people, this will probably seem like run-of-the-mill political extremism, to be dismissed as such. After a brief moment of weakness, we are inclined to agree with this conclusion, but nonetheless we cannot help feeling a trifle wistful about the matter. We do not think all virtue reposes in one political party, nor do we think that in this or any other election one candidate has a complete corner on good sense and virtue. Our opinions on the campaign, therefore, involve a process of evaluation, of weighing this against that, of estimating here a good feature and there a bad point, always with the underlying conviction that in politics the choice is rarely between black and white but between various shades of gray. If political comment is to make any sense at all, it seems to us this is the form it must take. Yet we must confess that the Matthews' approach has its definite charms. Those who follow his lead may sound as if they are talking about a world most of us do not recognize —and for good reason, since it does not exist. But one thing must be said for the formula: it does make life simple.

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA

A RECENT governmental report on Christian missionaries in the central Indian state of Madhya Pradesh illustrates the dangers the Church faces there. Prepared by a five-man commission, this document recommends rigid governmental control over conversions to Christianity, expulsion of many foreign missionaries, and, most serious of all, enrollment of Indian Christians in an independent national church, cut off from ties outside of India. Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano*

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described this report as especially "violent and unjust" and said its calumnies are such as to expose missionaries to real physical danger.

In the face of this situation, all Catholics are bound to be seriously disturbed, particularly, perhaps, those who have always supported legitimate Indian aspirations. The present Pope has long encouraged the speedy development of a native clergy, and in point of fact it is reported that forty-five hundred out of six thousand Catholic priests in India are themselves Indian, including a distinguished Cardinal and forty native Bishops. It is, certainly, essential that all proper steps be taken to disabuse India of the idea that the Church is simply a spiritual extension of countries Indians regard as colonial powers. But any step which would keep Christians in India from having ties outside the country would simply mean cutting the branch from the vine with the obvious hope that it would wither and die. This proposal is in fact, therefore, an attack, not on colonialism, but on Christianity in India. And surely, however desirable it is to have a native clergy, the Christian missionaries from the West deserve better of India than a report so worded that it could arouse the ignorant to violence against them.

So far, happily, Prime Minister Nehru is reported to be taking a cool attitude toward the proposals embodied in this report, and the Indian Parliament has already rejected the idea of controlling conversions to Christianity by law. But until the total picture is clearer, friends of India, and of Christianity in India, will watch developments there with genuine concern.

NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURE

FOR OVER a century Americans have been either meekly apologetic or stridently defensive about the level, or even the very existence, of a national culture. Europeans, meanwhile, have tended to speak deprecatingly of America's raw cultural immaturity, and claim that the energies and talents poured into making the United States the richest nation on earth have also, in the process, turned it into a cultural desert.

When Americans, stung by the taunt of being grubby-minded materialists, would point out that every major city of the United States had a solvent art museum as well as solvent savings banks, European critics would say, condescendingly, that it was not only our wealth, but our democratic processes, which made and would keep us cultural cliff-dwellers. These critics were, in their jargon about the "mass-man" and "the moneyed-man," merely writing footnotes to what Alexis de Tocqueville had said long ago: "Nothing conceivable is so petty, so insipid, so crowded with paltry interests, in one word, so anti-poetic, as the life of a man in the United States."

Americans still interested in keeping up the fight adopted, by and large, one of two strategies. Some retreated to the rocky fastness of the "little magazines" to wage guerrilla warfare. Others, reeling but not routed, chose to meet the European critics on a new field, and began to claim that America's artists worked in new media and were now called engineers. Unconvinced and unconvincing, these apologists for American culture spoke of the majestic rhythms of the dynamo and the soaring spendor of the skyscraper—but no one really listened, least of all the artist-engineers.

What was needed, everyone realized, was just one piece of concrete evidence to show that culture could flourish on native American soil—a poem, perhaps, on a uniquely American subject, which would be at once more within a tradition than Whitman's "barbaric yawp sent across the rooftops of the world," and less anemically derivative than Stephen Benet's various apostrophes to the American past.

And now the decades of brave hope have been rewarded. The American Muse, it turns out, was not dead, but sleeping—not in the groves of Academe but in the bleachers of Ebbets Field, home of the Brooklyn Dodgers. For Miss Marianne Moore, whom T. S. Eliot has called "the most accomplished poetess in the English-speaking world today," has penned an ode to the men she calls her "heroes" on the eve of the recent World Series.

Even the most captious European critic will find her poem a piece of flawless evidence. The form is not derivative, but Miss Moore's own, authentic and glorious; even the broken rhythm suggests the valiant march of the crippled, aging "Bums" to the National League pennant. The subject is, of course, as indigenously American as apple pie or teachers' colleges, and one quite worthy of Miss Moore's high talents.

If anyone cavils at this last statement, let him only recall Pindar celebrating the victors at the Olympic games, or Virgil chanting the athletic prowess of Camilla. Centuries hence, "students of our sweet English tongue" will read and enjoy "An Ode to the Brooklyn Dodgers." This, we submit, is culture—and we are enduringly grateful to Miss Moore.

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America's Foreign Policy

"NEITHER OF OUR MAJOR PARTIES HAS FACED UP TO THE DANGERS OF THE SITUATION THAT CONFRONTS US"

HAROLD C. HINTON

IF A WRITER is asked to evaluate the achievements and failures of the United States in international affairs since the end of the Korean War and to draw up a balance sheet for our position today, his evaluation is bound to amount to a verdict on the foreign policies of the Eisenhower Administration. If I render such a verdict, tentatively at least, in the paragraphs that follow, it is with no partisan intent, for I am convinced that neither of our major parties has faced up to the dangers of the situation that confronts us.

The importance of the Korean War, which had still not been formally concluded when the Eisenhower Administration took office in 1953, is generally admitted, but we do not seem to have learned its lessons. As Camille Rougeron argues in his brilliant but apparently little known book, *Les enseignements de la guerre de Corée,* the war proved the bankruptcy of the military thinking of the Western world. An army which was vastly superior in matériel, and almost supreme in the air and at sea, proved unable to defeat its opponent once the latter had been given a chance to dig himself in during the latter part of 1951. And yet the idea still survives that we can ensure our safety in a future war merely by spending vast sums of money and by piling up huge stockpiles of hardware (especially battleships, tanks, and artillery) too cumbersome and vulnerable to be of much use in warfare. The airplane is a terrible and effective instrument of destruction, but it proved totally unable to seal the narrow waist of Korea against movements of enemy troops and supplies. The infantry, with its machine guns, mortars, rocket launchers, and protective foxholes, remains the queen of battles.

But to build a strong infantry arm requires more than money and material, which we have in abundance; it also requires trained soldiers and a degree of human effort which our young men, their statesmen, and, above all, their mothers are reluctant to allow. Nearly every year I, as a teacher, have to console those college students who regard the prospect of imminent military service as the worst of possible fates, and this at a time when the country is not at war. That our military authorities persist in their manpower-paring policies, the latest manifestation of which is Admiral Radford's proposal to trim 800,000 men from the defense establishment, can be understood only in terms of politics and interservice rivalries. Louis Johnson followed a similar line in 1949 when he trimmed what he called the fat from our armed services, and the results were only too plain to see in Korea.

General Ridgway has already delivered a biting indictment of this sort of military non-thinking. It apparently stems from an unreasoning determination never to have another Korea, never again to let ourselves be "bled white" in a "brushfire war." Yet what are the alternatives in the event of a military challenge which we cannot ignore? To scuttle and run, as we did (probably unavoidably) in Indochina; to rely on diplomatic procedures and the machinery of collective security, which have never yet proved adequate in the face of a serious military threat; to pin our hopes on sea blockade and air bombardment, which cannot stop the advance of land armies; or to plunge the world into a nuclear holocaust. Compared with any of these alternatives, another brushfire war seems to me the lesser evil.

I would suggest, then, that we have still not absorbed the military lessons of the Korean War, and that the question of defense policy is one of the most urgent ones, perhaps the most urgent, confronting us today. May no future historian ever say of us, as Werner Jaeger says in his *Paideia* of Athens in the time of Demosthenes and Philip of Macedon, that "the majority of the population did not realize the need of being ready to fight until they were confronted with the defeat which destroyed their democracy for ever."

IT WOULD be pleasant to say that, even if we have not learned the military lessons chalked up on the Korean blackboard, we have at least learned the

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political ones. Pleasant, but not true. After welcoming the military contributions of other nations and stressing the collective nature of the war effort, we virtually monopolized the conduct of the tedious armistice negotiations and allowed our military men to settle problems which called for political talent of the highest order. It would seem reasonable to grant one's allies a place at the conference table proportional to the

one they held on the battlefield. Far from representing a triumph for the United Nations, let alone the Eisenhower Administration, the truce terms merely underwrote the status quo. Terms equally good, or bad, could probably have been secured at any time after the summer of 1951, and the fact that the truce was not signed until 1953 was not the result of some potent magic in the Eisenhower name, or of Brink of War diplomacy, but probably of a conviction on the Communist side that to prolong the war would do them more harm than good in various quarters, and that to end it would leave them free to industrialize at home and shift their outward pressures elsewhere, notably to Indochina.

The next great landmark in the history of the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy was, in fact, the Indochina crisis of 1954, beginning with the siege of Dienbienphu and culminating in the Geneva Conference. Here the Administration had no effective alternative to what it, and the British and French, did. The policy, apparently favored by Vice President Nixon and some fire-eaters in the Pentagon, of massive military intervention would have been extremely costly and probably unsuccessful. Like the truce in Korea, the Geneva settlement in effect recognized a victory of the Eastern warfare of personnel over the Western warfare of matériel. An important feature of the conference was the crucial and obviously independent role played by the Chinese Communist delegation, led by Chou En-lai; the significance of this phenomenon to us is that we cannot hope to exert much influence on Peking by way of negotiations with Moscow.

Soon afterward followed the offshore islands crisis of early 1955, which cast doubt on the validity of our entire policy toward the Chinese Nationalists and made the "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek by the Eisenhower Administration two years earlier seem more absurd than ever. It became obvious that the question was not whether the Nationalists could invade the mainland, but whether they could hold the offshore islands or, in the long run, Taiwan itself. As a result of this crisis we are now committed by treaty to defend Taiwan, and the President has discretionary authority to commit American forces to the defense of the offshore islands if he sees fit. Since the latter are in the last analysis militarily untenable, it is devoutly to be hoped that he will never do so. The issue has lain dormant since then, and American editors do not think it sufficiently newsworthy to print much about it. But it is still unresolved, and it is probably the issue which of all issues holds the gravest danger of war for us.

THE MOST serious crisis in our foreign relations since the offshore islands affair is the Suez dispute, which at this writing looks to be fading away, not with a bang but a whimper. It is serious not because of its intrinsic importance, but merely because of the passions it has aroused. I agree completely with Michael Fogarty's view, expressed recently in The Commonweal, that it would be both unwise and immoral to fight over the Ditch. It is surprising that our government at one time expressed a willingness to subsidize the bypassing of the canal to the tune of half a billion dollars, whereas it had earlier precipitated the crisis by refusing to venture one-tenth as much on the Aswan Dam. Perhaps the greatest tragedy is that Secretary Dulles has tried, with evident good faith and somewhat more than his usual effectiveness, to mediate the dispute, and that he appears to have failed. The Administration has generally shown a tendency to distrust negotiation and multilateral action and to prefer the unilateral approach; this unfortunate tendency can hardly fail to gain strength if Mr. Dulles ultimately fails to find a solution.

There are a number of other problems relating to our foreign policy which, although they have not so far exploded into crisis, deserve to be mentioned. One of these is the race question. It is true that our treatment of our nonwhite minorities, especially the Negroes, is a matter of justified reproach abroad, especially in Asia. And yet, for all its intrinsic importance, this question does not bulk so large in our international relations as might be imagined. In the first place, how many nations can honestly claim that they deal fairly with their own minorities, racial, religious, or cultural? Let him who is without sin cast the first stone, at least so long as we refrain from lecturing other nations on similar matters.

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It seems to be becoming more generally understood that the American Negro has made enormous strides in the last generation. Furthermore, he has the government and courts fundamentally on his side, whereas the opposite is true in some other countries, notably the Union of South Africa. It is interesting that Asian newspapers have been giving rather little publicity to the shameful outbreaks attending the attempted integration of public schools in some of our Southern towns. I do not think that this is merely because they have been overshadowed by the Suez crisis, which has received enormous publicity in Asia.

Yet it would be unwise to assume that this will always be true, or that we can afford to be complacent about the race question. After all, his race is the one major quality which a person can never change. His cultural level, occupation, class, and even in a few cases his sex, he can change, but never his race. It follows that discrimination on racial grounds is the most unjust of all forms of discrimination.

More serious, probably, in its impact on our foreign relations than the race question is the lingering suspicion in Asian and African minds that, whenever we are faced with a conflict of interest between a NATO ally and a formerly or presently colonial people, we will tend to prefer the former. Secretary Dulles's monumental blunder over Goa is an excellent example of the sort of incident which feeds this suspicion; it did more damage to our standing in Asia than our diplomats and propagandists could repair in months of work.

Actually, there is no valid reason whatever why we should uphold a European power against an Asian or African state or people when the latter is in the right, as it often is. The best hope for Western Europe lies, not in trying vainly to preserve the last shreds of its colonial or semicolonial relationship with the lands beyond the Mediterranean, but in establishing friendly relations with them on a footing of equality while there is still time. The British have done this in India, and there is no reason why it cannot be done elsewhere. The Western European nations will not go Communist if we oppose certain of their unjustifiable demands; they have no one else on whom to lean but on us. With the Asian nations the case is different; quite apart from the rights or wrongs of any particular issue, they can easily give aid and comfort to our enemies if they become too provoked with us.

A CLOSELY related question is the very difficult one of overseas military bases. We have them, and so do the British, but we are both clearly in danger of being gradually shouldered out of them by the rising tide of local nationalism. It would be pleasant and easy to say that no one has any business keeping troops on someone else's soil without his consent, and that therefore we should liquidate our bases and can do so with impunity. Unfortunately, the fact is that from a military standpoint our bases are very important to us, since they constitute almost the only significant respect in which we have a military advantage over the Russians.

Fortunately, the dilemma need not be quite so serious as it appears, provided that we and the British make the necessary adjustments *in time* (how important that phrase is in the history of statesmanship!). To be specific, the British should have given up their political control over Cyprus some time ago in exchange for an agreement on bases with whatever government succeeded them. This is more or less what we did when we gave the Philippines their freedom and when we terminated our occupation of Japan. Colonel Nasser says that a foreign military base surrounded by an actively hostile population is of little use, and there is no reason to doubt that he is right. The problem becomes more complicated when an independent country asks you to remove your bases from its soil, as Iceland has shown signs of doing; then the only solution probably is to comply and to rely on an alternate base, as in Greenland.

Again, there is the perennial and nagging question of what to do about Communist China. We continue to withhold from it the diplomatic recognition which most other nations outside Latin America have bestowed. We continue to oppose its admission to the United Nations. We refuse to allow a group of experienced and able reporters to accept an invitation to go to China, thus making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of nearly everybody. We continue, almost alone, to embargo the shipment not only of strategic goods but of all goods to the China mainland, although even the embargo on strategic goods was not imposed until after the beginning of the Korean War, which is now over. And all this, apparently, because of American public opinion, stimulated by the China Lobby.

Something, it seems to me, has got to give; at the appropriate time, and on conditions of our own choosing, we should establish a relationship with Communist China which is at least no more hostile than that which we maintain with the Soviet Union. It is a serious charge against the Eisenhower Administration that it has done almost nothing to pave the way for a reasonable relationship with Communist China and has persisted in a sterile and negative policy of threats and boycott.

Neither the Administration nor the nation at large has paid enough attention to our military, technological, and economic race with the Russians. In these fields they appear to be making progress at a much faster rate than we are and will therefore pass us sooner or

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later, provided this is the case, if our present relative speeds remain the same. Perhaps the most serious aspect of the problem is the considerably greater number of Soviet scientists who are being trained and thrown into the race, as compared with the number we are turning out. There is no reason to think that these Russians are technically deficient merely because they are numerous; on the contrary, it seems that many technicians in Russia are also scientists, or, in other words, that they have a level of abstract knowledge which American technicians generally do not possess.

The reason for the impressive Soviet showing in this field does not lie in any superior zeal or skill. It is almost entirely economic; the Soviet government pays a skilled scientist in the neighborhood of 25,000 roubles ($1,750 at a realistic exchange rate) per month, so that he is one of the most highly paid individuals in the USSR. Presumably a comparable incentive applied on an equal scale in the United States would produce the same result.

Finally, we have devised no effective countermeasure as yet to the alarmingly successful new look in Communist foreign policy, which hopes to win by non-military means the successes that it cannot win, or that might be too costly to win, by force. Indeed, there is little evidence that our highest officials understand the nature of the new look or the reasons for its adoption. It will be remembered that Secretary Dulles called it an admission of defeat, which it is not.

IN ATTEMPTING to evaluate the Administration's handling of these various problems, I am driven to the conclusion that it has done very little to solve them or to bring them to the point where they might become soluble. One reason for this is the Administration's extraordinary reluctance, presumably due to fear of arousing the isolationist wing of the Republican party, to lay the facts candidly before the American people and ask their support for unpleasant but necessary policies.

Instead, its approach to foreign policy has made use of techniques as dangerous as double-edged swords. There has probably never been an administration in this country, as *The Economist* pointed out some time ago, which was so given to slogans, or which so demoralized the country by their use. We have had Liberation, the Unleashing of Chiang Kai-shek, the Agonizing Reappraisal, Massive Retaliation, Brink of War and the like spread before us as though they were magic spells which could somehow conjure our problems into non-existence. By appeasing Senator McCarthy and putting (and keeping) one of his followers in control both of personnel and security matters in the State Department (an unprecedented union of distinct functions in a single pair of hands), the Administration has seriously undermined the morale and efficiency of our Foreign Service, on which the execution of our foreign policy depends to a large extent.

After expressing such serious reservations about the Eisenhower Administration's handling of foreign policy, it is only fair to add that there are some respects in which it has shown up well. For one thing, it has broken resolutely with the traditional isolationism of the Republican Party. It has refused to retreat with Herbert Hoover into a Fortress America. It has kept alive the machinery of reciprocal trade agreements, which has a Democratic origin, although it should be pointed out that these agreements do not solve the basic problem of dollar shortages which plague most other countries. It has opposed the Bricker Amendment, which would virtually prevent us from having any foreign policy at all. It has refused to cut off foreign aid, although it has emphasized the military side of it too much and has placed in charge of the program a man who appears not to believe in the laws he administers.

The President must be commended for the initiative he has taken in proposing plans for the peaceful use and international control of atomic energy, for disarmament, and for aerial inspection to prevent rearmament. These proposals are perhaps naive, in the sense that the Russians could hardly be expected to accept them, but it has not done their standing any good to reject them. Apart from propaganda considerations, the plans seem intrinsically sound, and if adopted they would almost certainly do considerable good.

The President has certainly been remarkably successful in contributing to a relaxation of the public tension which was aroused by McCarthyism in its heyday and by the issue of Communism in this country. I am not the first to suggest, however, that he has done this partly by convincing a large section of the public that there is no real threat to our security from outside, because there is no immediate military threat. If this calculated risk—it is probably not a calculated deception—should turn out badly, the Administration would stand convicted in the light of history of having served the American people sedatives when it should have been dispensing adrenalin. The successes which the Communist new look has already won are a bad omen for the success of this gamble.

SOME READERS, especially Republicans, may feel that the foregoing evaluation reads more like a condemnation. My only answer to this is that, as I said at the beginning, I do not believe that either party has fully faced up to the problems we confront or taken the measure of the methods needed to deal

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with them. We might apply to our parties what Lord Acton said of social classes: "The problem is not that a particular class is unfit to govern; every class is unfit to govern."

A special plea should also be made at this point for greater public understanding of, and a more intelligent policy toward, three major regions: Latin America, the Middle East, and Africa. My reasons for saying this may seem surprising. I am interested mainly in the Far East, but I feel that the time for understanding and action in that region was about a generation ago, and that it may now be too late to stop the advance of Communism there. In the other regions mentioned above there still seems to be time, though how much no one can say for sure. Let us treat no more countries as we have treated Guatemala, where we took a leading part in the overthrow of a leftist government and then proceeded, once this overriding objective had been attained, to let its successor wither on the vine for lack of aid and support.

My conclusion is that the balance sheet of our foreign policy during the past three or four years is essentially negative, and that the situation is likely to get worse before it gets better, if it ever gets better at all. Both our actual position and our prestige seem to me to have deteriorated. If the subsequent course of events proves this to have been too gloomy a verdict, no one will be more pleased than I. In that case, a pessimist could still plead that Socrates thought he was serving a useful purpose by acting as a gadfly on the Athenian body politic, although, of course, he was executed for it.

FROM ENGLAND

Socialized Medicine

J. L. BENVENISTI

SOCIALIZED Medicine, the National Health Service as it is called, has now been in operation in Britain for eight years, and its creation must be reckoned among the most remarkable things that have occurred over the past decade. It is remarkable for two reasons. First, the very existence of a service designed as this one has been designed, implies the acceptance of a principle until now never overtly recognized. Even more remarkable, however, is the contrast between the service as it has actually developed, and the character which many people thought it would assume. Indeed, this contrast is in the nature of a warning against the danger of thinking in stereotypes on any subject whatever.

As to the novelty of principle, the facts are these. The National Health Service costs us about £500,000,000 a year. Comprising as it does every kind of medical aid, from hospital, dental, home-nursing and ophthalmic services to the prescription of a gentle tonic by your family physician—and the filling of that prescription by your local drug-store—this enormous outlay represents about three per cent of our whole national income. Four-fifths of this cost is met directly by taxes; the balance comes from various sources, and only about one-twelfth derives from compulsory insurance contributions.

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Now, though these insurance contributions are, with a few unimportant exceptions, payable by everybody in receipt of an income, and though failure to pay them can in certain circumstances become a punishable offense, nevertheless such failure no more debars any individual from the full benefits of the service than failure to pay his income-tax divests him of his right to protection by the courts or the police. In other words, this service rests on the assumption of a non-contractual right, enjoyed by everyone, to any medical service, regardless of cost, of which he may stand in need.

I am, however, more concerned with this contrast between the service as it has actually emerged and the picture drawn of it before it came into being. The greatest single factor here in judging the service has been the sheer extent of its success. Today, although every citizen has the right to be treated as a private patient and to pay his own bills, ninety-five per cent of the nation are registered users of the public service.

This is a great and eloquent fact, and not the least remarkable element in it is the success the scheme has achieved in its most critical sector—which is that of the general practitioner or family doctor. I call this the most critical sector of the scheme because it is the one in which personal relations play so critical a part. For this very reason it was the one whose

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character socialization seemed particularly likely to impair. Indeed, before the service became a working reality it seemed to many almost natural that it would get itself organized around a system of streamlined clinics in which the citizens would be depersonalized, card-indexed and reduced, as it were, to their lowest common clinical denominators; in which they would more and more take on the characteristics of "cases" while losing those of human beings. In such a set-up the family doctor, already the object of that faint nostalgic sentimentalism that surrounds a dying institution, seemed likely finally to disappear.

EXACTLY the opposite has happened. Not only is the family doctor busier than ever and a person of greater importance, he is actually finding himself in the position of having the highly personal character of his task underlined by authority with ever increasing emphasis. "In some places," says the recently published report on General Practice in the National Health Service "the view is popular that with the development of specialties the future trend will be towards establishing teams of specialists who would virtually control the whole medical field and as one witness phrased it—'the crumbs from their table would fall to the General Practitioners.' The Committee does not share this view, which seems entirely to overlook the significance of continuity of treatment by one doctor who is familiar with and ultimately responsible for all aspects of the patient's health."

This undoubtedly represents the policy pursued, and it has on the whole produced excellent results. I myself have been using the service for years and most of my friends seem to have been doing the same. During this time I have had exactly the same patient, courteous and sympathetic attention that I received when I paid for treatment. The doctors themselves seem to feel that the removal of the money bar has been a help rather than a hindrance in their work.

All this might have been very different, had not the medical profession, both before and after the passing of the relevant act, carried on a running fight with Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the then Minister of Health. This fight ensured, among other things, the patient's right to choose—and change—his doctor, and also ruled out the establishment of anything in the nature of a state-salaried medical service which would turn the doctor into a government employee.

I must dwell for a moment on this question of the manner of the doctor's remuneration because of its obvious bearing on his status. Hospital doctors are naturally paid by means of a salary; their employers, however, are not the government but the various local bodies charged with hospital administration, and on these the medical profession is heavily represented. The General Practitioner, however, is paid by an extension of the system prevailing under the old, very limited National Health Insurance scheme. Under this system the doctor receives a small fixed annual payment for every patient registered on his books. In return for this, paying all his own overhead, he must furnish "proper and necessary treatment" when required, and arrange for consultation with a specialist when this appears desirable.

The patient's right to choose his own doctor is limited only by the willingness of the doctor concerned to put him on his list, and I myself have never experienced any difficulty in this respect. The right to change doctors, once a doctor has been chosen, is slightly more circumscribed. When the new service first came into operation, the patient could change his doctor at a moment's notice, but this led to certain abuses, since a number of people who were refused a certificate of inability to work, or who failed to get some fancy prescription for which the taxpayer would have had to pay, promptly set about shopping for a more obliging doctor. Now the rule is that a patient must either give a fortnight's notice or get his doctor's written consent to the change. If any hardship or injustice has been occasioned by this, it seems not to have attracted attention; it must always be remembered that a patient has a right of complaint against his doctor and that, though fully free to exercise his professional judgment on all occasions—this was one of the principles for which the doctors had successfully fought—the doctor can be disciplined and, in extreme cases, removed from the service for any clear failure in his professional duty. This being so, a doctor will be only too glad to get rid of a dissatisfied patient.

PEOPLE sometimes ask whether the existence of a free medical service does not cause people to make frivolous and unnecessary use of it. Up to a point this is, of course, true; it is part of the inevitable price that we must pay for having the service at all. Even so there are certain checks on this kind of thing. Grave misuse of hospitals, for instance, is most unlikely, since a patient cannot get into one (except in an emergency) unless his doctor sends him there. Even where there is no such craving on the would-be patient's part for needless hospitalization, the long wait in the doctor's waiting room is a fairly effective deterrent from needless attention, while those who make a habit of summoning the doctor to their homes when they are quite well enough to attend his surgery will soon find that the doctor applies for authority to have their names removed from his list.

There have also been other abuses. When the service first started, drugs were supplied free, as were also dentures, spectacles, surgical appliances and even wigs,

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and, though many of these things were most certainly desperately needed, there may have been a tendency to overindulgence. Today this has been corrected. A small charge is made for all such supplies—the filling of a prescription, for instance, costs one shilling—though the charges are waived in the case of persons on relief

THERE IS, however, another question which merits careful attention. To me the answer seems obvious, but it is interesting to try and determine why it should have been asked, for it seems to me that it brings up an issue much more fundamental than the desirability of socialized medicine. I will therefore quote it, in part at least, in the actual words in which it has been put to me by at least one correspondent.

I am asked whether socialized medicine does not involve "state interference in private matters," and I must admit that when this question was first put to me I was very puzzled by it. Not only did the National Health Service not interfere with my own, or, as far as I could see, anybody else's private life, but I did not see how it could. I could discern no visible connection between the cause and the supposed effect. I could understand people believing that a socialized medical service would be cumbersome and inefficient, though I do not think the British service is anything of the kind. I could understand people believing that it would destroy the relationship between doctor and patient, though I do not think that in Britain it has done so. But I could not see why it should interfere with these blessed "private affairs" of mine.

Then my mind began to go back to a great hullabaloo raised long, long ago by a number of sincere and ardent publicists (including such eminent men as Belloc and Chesterton) about the insidious nature of the welfare legislation that was then in small doses beginning to be introduced. This, it was alleged, was simply a device for the further enslavement of the poor by the rich; it would also, so it was contended—and it is this that bears on the present issue—provide a superb opportunity for the tyranny of the crank, the self-designated expert and the pseudo-scientist, who would now invade the most elementary human rights.

Even at that time I could never quite see why all this should happen, and I was struck, as I am now, by the lack of any concrete example of this vaguely apprehended tyranny, or of any credible forecast of the form it was likely to take. I did, however, recollect a reference to one such future possibility which occurred in Chesterton's writings, not once but several times. It concerned the compulsory cutting off of the hair of poor people's little daughters on the strength of some hygienic fad. Whether Chesterton really believed that this could ever happen or whether it was simply a dramatic and deliberately exaggerated picture of the sort of possibility he professed to foresee, I cannot say, but the image seems to have haunted him, and it did give me a clue as to the kind of thing—or at any rate it could be taken as a caricature of the kind of thing—that was in my questioner's mind.

Armed with this clue, such as it was, I proceeded to search the act creating the new service and my search was not wholly unsuccessful, for suddenly, staring me in the face, I discovered a provision calling into being a functionary, to be called a "Health Visitor," who was to give advice on the "care of young children, persons suffering from illness and expectant mothers" and—ominous words—on "the measures necessary to prevent the spread of infection."

To one who, though he had remained unconvinced by it, had drunk deep draughts of the literature in question, the very name "Health Visitor" was bound to suggest, however undeservedly, just that combination of the snooper and the crackpot that so many able writers had so amusingly held up to execration. If anybody was cutting off little girls' hair—which I did not think at all likely—then here were the wielders of the shears.

The matter intrigued me sufficiently to set me finding out what I could about these Health Visitors, and, as it happened, there was plenty to be learned, for a so-called "Working Party" of highly distinguished people had been, as it were, putting them under the microscope and had just published its report.

IT WAS pretty obvious from this report that, whatever else these Health Visitors are doing, they are at the moment not doing much in the hair-cutting line. Indeed it soon became clear that so far from being —I quote the words of a witness—"a professional interferer," the Health Visitor "peddles wares that are in demand." Actually she is almost always a trained nurse who has had intensive social science training. She seems eminently well equipped to deal with a number of situations, particularly those arising when the home is threatened through the illness of one of the parents or the break-up of a marriage. She knows what manner of help can be got and from where, and it is her duty to secure it.

What strikes one particularly about the report, however, is its insistence on the number of occasions where neither nursing skill nor experience in the details of social service work can be of much use and where the Health Visitor must do the best she can with the crude and simple instruments of patience, human sympathy and plain horse sense. This, it is true, was not a very profound discovery, but those who have made it—in this case the Health Visitors themselves, for it was from the latter that the bulk of the witnesses were

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drawn—will be free from the peculiar arrogance that is based on the assumption of superior knowledge, nor will they be likely, in dealing with their fellow creatures, to act on the principle of "not what they want but what is good for them," and so be prone to the kind of invasion of rights (particularly parental rights) that my questioner feared, or to interference with the privacies and intimacies of individual and family life.

But if the Health Visitors were not interfering in these much discussed "private affairs," then what other officers of the National Health Service were supposed to be indulging in this nefarious practice? The answer was, of course, "None." But this raises the even more pertinent question of why people should imagine that anybody was doing it at all. And the answer is, I suppose, that "State" and "Bureaucrat" have now become charged words that call up mental pictures, wholly divorced from the living reality, of a certain type of conduct and a certain attitude of mind—so much so that every extension of state activities, however neutral and impersonal, and however productive of material good, is regarded as a threat to liberty and to the dignity of the human person.

But freedom and respect for the human person depend not on a rigid adherence to certain principles of political mechanics—in this case a doctrinaire abhorrence of any widening of the state's function—but on a people's determination that freedom and human dignity shall be preserved. Where that determination is present, the state will continue to be our servant. Where it is lacking, we shall inevitably, sooner or later, fall victims to tyranny of one kind or another.

The National Health Service is by no means perfect and will no doubt be subject to numerous modifications and adjustments as time goes by, but that it has already relieved an immense amount of unmerited suffering and that the ultimate principles on which it is built are sound—of this there can now be no manner of doubt.

THE AMERICAN FARM

Journey Through Change

LAWRENCE T. KING

ALL ACROSS Virginia, the traveler is pursued by ghosts of the past. Driving along Richmond's tree-lined Monument Avenue, there is the seemingly endless succession of statues to the heroes of the Confederacy. This preoccupation with the past provides a clue to the "Virginia state of mind," the tendency to look backward rather than forward, the groping to fashion a modern way of life from patterns of an age that has lost its relevancy for the present. For Virginia and much of the South, the slow crawl of history came to a stop at Appomattox, and time is still reckoned as before or after the Civil War.

In the Tennessee Valley, however, time is reckoned as "before and after TVA." Any attempt to minimize the accomplishments of that vast undertaking is invariably met with the question: "Have you ever been in these parts before they built TVA?" If you answer affirmatively, the natives feel there is no need to continue the discussion; they are willing to let the contrast speak for itself. If the answer is "No," you lay yourself open to a short course on the valley's history.

I had taken a leisurely trip through the region when Muscle Shoals was under construction, and I was tremendously impressed then by the area's natural beauty. I had also been impressed by the poverty of the people—entire families tramping the dusty roads into town barefooted and clad in patched, faded denims; unpainted clapboard houses and primitive log cabins with windows patched with old newspapers and lighted by tallow candles or kerosene lamps.

It was a region that had been left behind in the country's forward march, a bit of the nineteenth century abandoned at the threshold of the twentieth. Suffice it to say that the TVA has enabled the people of the valley to enter the twentieth century—and they are quite happy to be here. The people of the area were not responsible for the fact that their Valley was once an anachronism. They were the victims of history and geography. Their plight, of course, could have been alleviated by pouring federal subsidies into the region. But this would not have solved the problem; it only would have made the area increasingly dependent upon federal aid.

The problem was a challenging one—and TVA was the answer to that challenge. By harnessing the valley's flood-prone rivers, by generating electric power where

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none was available, by contouring eroded hills and seeding washed-out gullies and stripped watersheds on a vast, unprecedented regional scale, TVA instilled new life into the valley and created the type of wealth that put the people on their financial feet.

During my stay in Knoxville, I made the acquaintance of an Egyptian engineer who was making his fifth inspection tour of TVA facilities. From my talks with him, I got some idea of the impact that the project has exerted in those areas of the world that are also seeking to catch up with the twentieth century. To these people, TVA has become a concrete symbol of what can be done to create the hard, physical wealth that can uplift an entire region and bring new hope to those who have known only the bleak despair of forced poverty.

Fort Smith, Arkansas

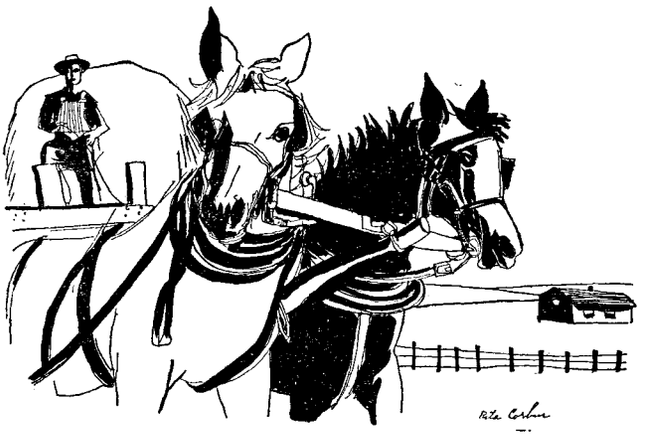
ONCE ACROSS the Mississippi, you become conscious of a new feeling of spaciousness. The cities are fewer and farther between, the landscape more subdued and monotonous. It is not until you reach the rolling foothills of the Ozarks that the surroundings again become interesting. By that time, economics begins to intrude upon geography.

A local newspaper carries a report from the Census Bureau on population trends from 1950 to July, 1954. While the national population was increasing by ten and a half million, Arkansas was one of seven states reporting population losses. In fact, despite the state's high birth rate, Arkansas' decline was the greatest—5.8 per cent.

That figure tells a story only dimly perceived by the motorist driving through the state. It explains the unpainted farm shacks, their ceilings sagging in the hot sun, the unfurrowed fields and the overgrown fence rows, the sleepy little towns covered by the dust of the highway, in which the only economic activity seems to be provided by filling stations and eating places catering to passing motorists, the overloaded old cars and trucks—the Arkies of the 1950's—joining the stream of the rootless in their search for greener pastures.

Arkansas is the most rural state in the Union. Consequently it has been hardest hit by the tremendous technological changes that have taken place in American life since World War II. New methods, new machines and war-inspired legislation have enabled farmers wealthy enough to afford these benefits to increase production of food and fiber to a phenomenal degree. They have also made the lot of the tenant farmer and the owner of the small, family-sized farm economically untenable. The result has been fewer and bigger farms and an exodus of rural families to the nation's sprawling industrial centers.

Most of the other states have been able to absorb a good part of their displaced farm populations in their expanding industrial enterprises. Arkansas, however, has little to offer industrially, and it boasts no metropolitan areas. As a result, the state's population



is now roughly what it was thirty years ago. If the decline continues at the present rate, its population in 1967 will be approximately what it was in 1900.

SEVERAL HOURS west of Little Rock, I swung off the main highway and took a state road north to visit the Benedictine abbey of New Subiaco. Approaching the abbey, one realized that the land improved noticeably. There were no signs of decline at the abbey. An immense new abbey church was under construction, and the sound of building activity echoed across the quiet, green hills. Apparently the monastic foundations had lost none of their power to transform the countryside.

I was taken on a tour of the abbey grounds, the guest master pointing out the buildings of interest, the cemetery, the flower gardens and shrines, the machine shops where brothers in overalls were working on tractors and jeeps. From a rise in back of the abbey buildings, he pointed out the pastures heavy with Ladino clover where dairy herds were grazing, the corn and small grain fields, the potato patches and vegetable gardens. There were pig pens, poultry houses, bee hives, meat-curing houses, milking sheds—virtually everything needed to make the community self-sustaining.

From this vantage point, the meadows and fields bordered by cool, green woodlands with a range of hills rising in the distance, I got an insight into the true character of the land that I would have missed completely had I rushed through the state on the main east-west highway. The thought came to me then that perhaps some day, when the mechanization of life became complete, it would be in scattered monastic enclaves such as this that the traditional relationship between man and the land would endure, for here

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man works in harmony with nature and not at cross-purposes with it.

The monks, of course, use the most modern agricultural methods. Their type of farming, however, is traditional in the best sense of the word, since production is geared to meeting the needs of the community with the surplus being marketed to provide cash income. This is literally the concept of the family farm—on a communal basis, of course—which is fast disappearing from the American scene.

Hours later when I drove away, I took with me a copy of a tabloid-size monthly paper put out for the information of the abbey's friends. I took time to read the paper that night in the motel. There on the front page was an article by the editor, Father Michael Lensing, O.S.B., on the flight from the land.

"The cause of the situation," he wrote, "is not difficult to determine. . . Government policy tends to favor the large landowner and make it impossible for the small farmer to exist. The small operator has certain fixed farming and living expenses. Unless he can buy out his neighbor and add his acreage allotment to that of his own farm, he is forced to sell out and move.

"The most important issue facing agricultural planners . . . is the question of whether or not it is best for the nation, for the family, for the freedom and prosperity of individuals to continue a policy which leads to greater concentration of land ownership in the hands of a few or to adopt a policy which will tend to promote a wide distribution of land ownership. Unfortunately, this question is almost completely ignored, because wealth and power are determined to keep it that way."

El Centro, California

TAKING THE southern route to California, you enter the state through the famed Imperial Valley. After the interminable desert of Arizona, the sight of growing green vegetation is a welcome relief. But the lift is purely psychological. The climate is the climate of the desert—hot and dry. You begin to notice the irrigation ditches and the sprinklers in the fields on both sides of the road, fed by the man-made All-American Canal which carries water into the valley from the Colorado River 300 miles away.

It is this water from the Colorado that is the life-blood of the Imperial Valley. At the turn of the century, the valley was a desert. Then some enterprising soul discovered that the soil was not typical desert soil but was incredibly rich and required only the application of water to bring it to life. The Colorado was tapped—and the Imperial Valley became one of the most fabulous agricultural regions in the country.

The land produces two or three—and in some cases four-—crops a year. While the rest of the country is in the icy grip of winter, carloads of lettuce, celery and tomatoes—among the 200 crops grown in the valley—are rushed to the supermarkets of the nation at premium prices.

At one point near El Centro, the valley's main city, I watched mechanical shovels digging into gigantic mounds of sugar beets and dumping them into a string of coal cars. The use of coal cars seemed symbolic, for the type of farming that is carried on might be called soil-mining.

Under the blazing sun—temperatures over 110° are frequent—the acrid odor of nitrate and potash is always present. There is a constant stream of railroad cars carrying chemical fertilizers into the valley and produce out. The heavy use of chemicals is "the shot in the arm" that keeps crop production figures high.

Where does all this agricultural wealth go? It is readily apparent to the visitor that it is not reflected in the city of El Centro or the towns that dot the valley, which are jungles of neon-lighted honkey-tonks at night and drab, imitation adobe cubicles by day.

Few of the large land-owners live in the valley. Most make their homes in the cool coastal cities of California. Many of the 10,000-acre operations are owned by corporations, and about the only time the stockholders brave the heat of the valley is when they are obliged to attend a stockholders' meeting in one of the air-conditioned hotels.

THE HIGH degree of mechanization that is evident on the vast land holdings is impressive. New machines are constantly being developed to reduce man's role in the equation of production. Sowing now is almost exclusively a mechanical operation. Harvesting of many crops, however, stubbornly resists the encroachment of the machine. Field hands are still needed to dig and bunch carrots, to cut asparagus, to pick tomatoes—to perform the "stoop labor" that has become an integral part of the corporate farm set-up.

Except for the displaced Okies and Arkies, who have little choice in the matter, this labor is performed largely by Hindus, Chinese, Filipinos and Mexicans. In the early days, the farm operators' associations, dedicated to the nineteenth-century principle of a surplus labor market, managed to import labor from Asia in great numbers. The fact that the Imperial Valley has the largest Hindu population in America is a tribute to their recruiting success. With the tightening of the immigration laws, however, the associations have had to look elsewhere. Mexican migrants—both the *braceros,* who have been contracted for legally in Mexico, and the wetbacks, who have crossed the Rio Grande illegally—have filled the gap.

The labor camps in which these workers are housed

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are not visible from any of the main highways. You have to get on the side roads to see them. Some are makeshift collections of dilapidated shacks. Others are neat, barrack-type buildings exuding all the efficiency and drabness of a modern industrial plant.

In the labor camps and in the near-by towns, you run into a profusion of gambling machines—a concession, no doubt, to the Mexicans' penchant for games of chance. And also an efficient method of regaining a good part of the migrants' payroll. The honkey-tonks and the California-style camp followers who trail the migrants north in sleek trailers also manage to siphon off a share of their wages.

I stopped at a drive-in—an oasis in a desert of corporate farm land—for a sandwich and something cool to drink. From the car I could see a long line of dark-skinned field workers harvesting carrots and tying them in bundles. A long, sleek car pulled in alongside me. The driver, with a circular motion of his hand taking in the fields and the workers, said to his two companions:

"Now this is the farming of the future. No guesswork. You don't have to worry about the weather or floods. You order the water you need in advance from the irrigation district. You contract for your labor in advance—and get it when you need it. When the job's finished, you don't have to carry a lot of useless people on the payroll. Yes, sir, this is the farming of the future." If he is right, it will be a bleak future.

THE SCREEN

BRAW LAD, BONNY FILM

IF EVER a film exuded charm without being coy about it, it's "Wee Geordie," an import from Britain that is bound to win admirers in this country. Like so many gentle British comedies, it seems to be about nothing. But it is really about a way of life, in particular, life in Scotland, where young Geordie, the son of a gamekeeper, is an extraordinarily small child in this Highland Country, where men are big and braw. With Scotch determination and grit, he not only enrolls in Professor Samson's correspondence course in physical culture, but sticks with it ardently. And by the time he is twenty-one, although still called Wee Geordie, he is a veritable giant of a man, as strong and braw as they come. When Samson, still by correspondence, congratulates him and suggests he specialize in a post-graduate course in throwing things, Wee Geordie starts throwing the hammer—with equal success. Soon he is the pride of Scotland, and the next thing you know, he is sailing to Australia with the 1956 British Olympic Team.

This sounds like a pretty thin plot, but Producers Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder have come up with such a handsome movie and have written such a delightful script from David Walker's novel, that the whole thing fairly bursts with universal warmth and good will toward all men. The movie laughs at Geordie, but loves him. And big Bill Travers, who looks and acts like Li'l Abner, is excellent in the role: taciturn, stubborn, likable, and in love with Jean, the Highland lass he takes for granted. But Jean, nicely played by Norah Gorsen, keeps wondering where all this exercise is going to stop—if it's *ever* going to stop.

The cast also includes such well-liked British reliables as Alastair Sim as the wacky laird for whom Geordie becomes gamekeeper, Raymond Huntley as the Englishman who enlists Geordie for the Olympic Team and then has the difficult job of looking after the homesick boy, and Miles Malleson as the authority on rules in Melbourne, who argues in vain that Geordie should wear the standard uniform instead of his deceased father's kilts. Fortunately the film's only Hollywood touch, brought in by stunning blond Helga (Doris Goddard), a Danish shot-putter who makes quite a play for Geordie on the ship and in Australia, doesn't spoil the over-all charm or poignant simplicity of wonderful "Wee Geordie."

AN EQUALLY pretty picture, although even thinner in content, is an import from France. Written and directed by René Clair, "The Grand Maneuver" has a bitter-sweet love story about a dashing lieutenant and a pretty milliner in a French provincial town around the turn of the century. It centers on a wager: that the handsome Dragoon officer, who already has a long list of conquests, can within a month's time become the lover of any woman in the town, even one chosen by chance. And when she is chosen blindly (being the winner of a wheel-of-chance game at a Red Cross Charity Ball) and turns out to be the town milliner, the officer is sure that the bet is practically won.

But the lady is aiming at higher game—a gentleman of the upper-crust (played by Jean Desailly) whose snobbish sisters are doing everything to prevent the marriage. Furthermore, the milliner (played with beauty and style by Michele Morgan) knows of the dragoon's unsavory reputation and she refuses to take him seriously. However, when the officer (Gerard Philipe, turning on charm and love-sick poses) is sent away on patrol, both realize their love for each other. And later, on hearing a false rumor that he has been wounded in a duel, she hurries to him—and he wins the bet. But, ironically, this wager that first brought them together is what causes him to lose the first true-love of his life.

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René Clair must have realized that he had a very slight story here (one that Thomas Hardy would have polished off in three or four pages) so he decorated it further with the amatory doings of other officers and town girls (some already cast off by Philipe). But producer-director Clair really went to town in decorating his movie as a period piece. "The Grand Maneuver" is his first color film and he uses Eastman Color magnificently—with lovely shots of a ball or band-concert or the cavalry officers on parade, or even in detailed scenes in the milliner's shop or at the officers' mess. Again and again his flashing use of color suggests Renoir or Seurat in those painters' enjoyment of the moment. Although the beautiful costumes and elaborate decor fit the creampuff plot, it is doubtful whether this large cast and overly-long, expensive production were necessary to put over the point about a man whom no one believed when he told the truth for once in his life.

WHILE THE movie version of George Orwell's "1984" is interesting up to a point, it quickly becomes rather tiresome. Some of the details are grimly fascinating as a prediction of what's in store for us in the future when we live in Airstrip One, a totalitarian country headed by Big Brother (who is probably non-existent) and governed by the Inner Party, which makes all the rules.

But the picture takes on a drab sameness as it goes on and on about the dreary existence in 1984, with the country perpetually at war, thought under strict control (two-way telescreens keep continuous watch) and love, sex and marriage allowed only for the Proles, the worthless animal-like people who live in the slums. Even the film's meager attempt at story only illustrates what happens to two people (played by Edmond O'Brien and Jan Sterling) who, as minor government workers, belong to the Outer Party. He is revising history for the Ministry of Truth and she works for the Anti-Sex League. They fall in love, meet above an antique shop, and are betrayed by its owner, who turns out to be a government spy as well as by a big-shot in the Inner Party (Michael Redgrave). They are tortured in a manner that will set your hair on end; they are brainwashed, made incapable of love, and become thoroughly convinced that black is white and evil is good.

"1984" certainly has food for thought, but it makes very dubious entertainment. The production, filmed in England, is good, and Michael Anderson has directed his cast well, but a full-length movie about a world as unattractive as that described by Orwell needs something more as a relief from the gloom and monotony than the satirical: "Big Brother Is Watching You."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE CONTINUING DEBATE"

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: The article by Mr. Gunnar Kumlien [Sept. 28] purporting to assess the continuing debate between what he terms "moderates" and "extremists" in Zionist politics is not only uninformed, but invidious.

Under the expansive umbrella of Mr. Lilienthal's *What Price Israel* he has sheltered anti-Zionists of both fanatic and pacific persuasion, pacifists within the Zionist movement, and political moderates. Under extremists he has presumably grouped all shades of political activists, zealots, the school of "fight force with force." Mr. Kumlien is entitled to his assessments but his journalism is neither subtle nor critical.

The anti-Zionists of the American Council for Judaism, both in religion and practice, represent the most attentuated wing of American Judaism. There is neither a distinguished Orthodox, Conservative, or Reform theologian in its midst. Whatever its religious universalism, in practice it is a movement that sees Judaism as a haven for American Jews who wish to keep the line clean between patriotism and religion. Distinctions of this kind have proved notoriously dangerous. They, like the Zionists in large measure, have an ideology—neither a religious doctrine nor a religious practice. To associate with the anti-Zionism of Mr. Lilienthal (who repudiates the State of Israel and its claims to legitimate existence) those in Israel who are concerned with a rapprochement with the Arab world; who, like Buber, are passionate Zionists, yet believe in peace and pacific instruments of conciliation, is erroneous. Moreover those wings of Ben-Gurion's party, like Sharett (the former Prime Minister), who opposed retaliatory measures against Arab infiltrators on political and diplomatic grounds, are not to be associated because of their moderacy with anti-Zionism.

It is equally true that the *Herut* movement, growing out of the philosophy of Jabotinsky, does not represent the whole of the Israeli consensus. True, the strength of *Herut* increased in the recent elections, but to spend an inordinate amount of space stressing their policy of expansionism is to absolutely misunderstand the reasons for their past power and their present resurgence. *Herut* attracted membership in the Mandate days (considerably less than the equally underground *Haganah* which became the Army of Israel) because it was daring and violent, because it acted extremely in the extremity—not because its members were activated by realistic hopes of a Solomonic Empire. Similarly today, when marauders and *fedayeen* take a steady daily toll of life and Egyptian strength increases, the extrem-

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ists gain strength because they are committed to acts of direct retaliation and response.

In short, to polarize what is represented as a report from Israel by two such loosely, unsubstantially, and uncritically accepted terms as "moderate" and "extremist" is quite ridiculous. Messrs. Lilienthal and Koestler, presumably the moderates, are not the moderates. Had Mr. Kumlien been familiar with the position of Buber and Simon, or those wings of Mr. Sharett's party, he would have learned a proper meaning for moderate. The extremists are Mr. Lilienthal and Mr. Koestler, who wish to set aside a reality or force dialectically and practically meaningless either-or decisions, and the ultra-nationalists. In the middle is the overwhelming majority of the Israeli community and the Zionist movement.

ARTHUR A. COHEN.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a student of the Middle East, as well as a Jew, I must protest the implications of Mr. Kumlien's article ["The Continuing Debate," Sept. 28]. Mr. Kumlien implies that all Israeli and non-Israeli Jews are either Zionist "extremists" or anti-Zionist "moderates" subscribing to either a "get tough" or "turn the cheek" policy regarding Israel and anti-Semitism. Indeed, he even portrays the rising of the Warsaw Ghetto as well as Israeli militancy as a choice between these two views. This contention is manifestly erroneous. The contention, ascribed to Messrs. Lilienthal and Koestler, that the only alternatives open to Jews today are Israeli citizenship or total assimilation is even more evidently fallacious.

Obviously, the great mass of Jewry, like the great mass anywhere, lies between the two extremes. The Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto did not precipitate disaster through the voluntary choice of violence. After witnessing the systematic destruction of their homes and culture, after witnessing the barbarous annihilation of friends and family, after suffering the most cruel example of man's inhumanity and being faced with their own impending extermination, the Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto pathetically though heroically resisted their own destruction. And this futile resistance was intrinsically motivated by the hope of awakening an apathetic world. Indeed, it takes a grotesque sense of humor to visualize the leaders of the Warsaw Ghetto meeting in cellars and sewage canals to contemplate hitting back at the Wehrmacht and the SS "Ten times more violently."

But what is the relationship of the great mass of non-Israeli Jews to the state of Israel? What is the nature of their support of Zionism? Again, I believe that the answer is self-evident. Zionist and Israeli support is based upon the desire of Jews throughout the world to provide their long-suffering, less fortunate brethren with an opportunity to escape fear and to build new lives, homes, futures in an insignificant corner of the world that they can call their own. If that has become a political issue in the United States and other countries of the Western World then it is only right that it should. Jews, Christians and Moslems, as men and creatures of God, have an obligation of charity and responsibility for the plight of their fellow man. If a tiny state on the Mediterranean provides the only community where the remnants of displaced Jewry can rebuild their shattered lives with dignity and security, then it is the responsibility of their fellow men to help provide them with that opportunity. This is the dominant feeling motivating the great mass of Western Jews who have supported the State of Israel.

That this state must depend upon continued military development to insure its survival in a hostile world is one of the tragedies of our times. If the extremist views attributed to the *Herut* organization (incidentally, *Herut* means freedom) are to be rejected as unworthy, then a more workable road to peace, security and virtual survival must be presented. Certainly, the average Israeli hopes and prays for the opportunity to live in peace with his neighbors. It is ludicrous to believe that he is more concerned with the conquest of Jordan, Syria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Iraq, Lebanon, Egypt and the Mahgreb than with the peaceful development of his own land, home and culture. Undoubtedly, his innermost prayer . . . is for peace and security.

Back to Mr. Kumlien. Except for the extremists of the Herut type, as well as extremists of the Council of Judaism type, the vast majority of Jews are "moderates." They reject both the ill-advised violence of the extremists on one side, and the callous indifference of the extremists on the other. They are full and patriotic citizens of their country, faithful to their religious tradition, proud of their cultural heritage and unrestrained in their loyalty and contributions to society and their country. If they support the cause of Zionism it is because as men of conscience they feel the responsibility for their fellow man. And if there is a special interest, it is the special interest of one who has lost an uncle at Buchenwald, a brother at Dachau, a grandfather at Belsen, or a mother in the Warsaw Ghetto. It is the special interest of compassion.

These then, are the moderate Jews, the Jews in and out of Israel from whom she draws her support and her sustenance. These are the Jews that believe that their allegiance to their country and their contribution to society is strengthened, not lessened, by adherence to the traditions of the Pentateuch, faith in the teachings of the Prophets, and love for their fellow man.

I did not mean to turn this letter into a tome. I do mean to protest the picture of Israeli and Zionist extremism presented by Mr. Kumlien. . . .

SIDNEY SCHWARTZ.

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Through the Foggy Social Sounds of England Today

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. By Angus Wilson. Viking. $4.50.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

AN EXCHANGE: " 'What curious attitudes he goes into,' Alice exclaimed.

'Not at all,' said the King. 'Those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he's happy.' "

The "he" of this exchange, from Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass,* is the King's messenger, and may be interpreted analogously either as forty-two-year old novelist Angus Wilson, or as the protagonist of his novel, sixty-two-year old historian Gerald Middleton. The attitudes of both are suitably Anglo-Saxon, and though Middleton's are of course purposely made so, the character of the author's shows quite as much.

Mr. Wilson's most ambitious work to date, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is quite long, and employs a cast of forty-five major characters, six of whom are dead before the story begins and two of whom do not appear directly for other reasons. The author gives us a chart of these identities; it is a tribute to his generally clear characterization that the chart is not needed beyond the opening pages of the book.

This fact is also, however, a comment on Mr. Wilson's imaginative range: many of his characters are all too familiar on introduction. As in his previous works (*The Wrong Set; Such Darling Dodos; Hemlock and After*), we have again portraits of an obsessive mother-son team, several varieties of academician, the upper-middle-class gentleman, the amoral young hoodlum, the homosexual crowd and their fellow travelers, and the fat lady who has become a permanent attraction in Mr. Wilson's sideshows. These we have met before, both in the preceding novel and the short stories; and though their personalities are diplomatically shuffled from book to book, their types are constant, and in this respect Mr. Wilson's attitudes appear fixed.

Again, too, the author is concerned with moral decisions, and their resultant, nearly imperceptible, victories. The Bernard Sands of *Hemlock and After* came late to his decision, as does Gerald Middleton in this book; Mr. Wilson's implication is always that such arrivals are, in the kind of Englishman he is happy to consider, both delayed and precipitated by tortuous personal considerations rather than by any direct perception of evil and good.

Middleton's choice, as an historian and as a man, lies in whether or not to investigate a possible archeological fraud perpetrated by a now deceased boyhood friend, the husband of his mistress. Uneasy under the suspicion for many years, he is at last prompted to action, and to a partial recovery of his own fallow career, by a chain of family troubles, including the revelation of his wife as a possessive hysteric, one son as a self-satisfied opportunist, the other son as an irresponsible romantic, and his fraudulent former friend as a sadist.

About these and others of his associates, Middleton has been wrong; he has been a gentleman proof against bad taste, bad manners and even bad conduct, but not against his own misconceptions. "Muddling through," he makes to the others again and again gestures of decency which invariably register as wrong.

Perhaps it is this persistent pigheadedness that makes Gerald Middleton a less than sympathetic figure, and his ultimate freedom from his dragging suspicions which are corroborated, and from his distressing family, a rather hollow victory. The valedictory pronounced on him by a bird-brained lady novelist named Clarissa Crane is, "He's *so* goodlooking, and a charmer. He hasn't *done* much, has he? . . . I suppose one could say that Gerald Middleton has taken life a bit too easily." Although this dictum is intended ironically, it is difficult not to agree with Clarissa, and a bit difficult too for the American reader fully to comprehend Mr. Wilson's abiding admiration for the type.

No such problem attends the apprehension of the supporting characters, who live and have their being in a climate governed by attitudes. It is a variable climate, subject to a rapidly changing popular taste. There are English and French variations on the foppish, criminally inclined young man, for example; it is perhaps an attitude as Anglo-Saxon as any that these pursue their careers of sexual and monetary pillaging unadmired, but largely uncensured, until one of them falls in with common burglars, and is then said to be "in very bad company."

There are, too, several young couples: some arty, with cyclamen walls and Swedish modern furniture; some academic, with large record libraries and precarious incomes; some bohemian, with immense gin cupboards and no can-openers—all somewhat unmoored on the foggy social sounds of the new England. These are accorded Mr. Wilson's usual kindly bite, and serve their turns with the rest at refracting the themes.

But the best of Mr. Wilson's bite is reserved for three women in the book. Ingeborg Middleton, Gerald's wife, is a monstrous confection of flaxen hair, easy tears, and appalling Scandinavian archness. It is Inge who, under the innocent guise of nature worship and a domesticated credo of Strength through Joy, nurtures each member of her family to a series of false choices, and then settles herself cozily to play games with their residual psychic bones. Inge is drawn full scale, with inverted English ("We know that one day will come spring.") and a pervasive nursery atmosphere; the result is a portrait, like its originals, somewhat larger than life, a psychopathic personality.

Dollie Stokesay, tennis champion of the Gibson Girl era, Gerald's

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mistress, alcoholic and reformed alcoholic, is another sort of woman, smaller scale, straight as a die, with the moral vigor to pull herself successively out of a wretched love affair and a prolonged bout of dipsomania.

The third major woman character in the novel is Elvira Portway. A generation younger than the others, she is secretary to one of Gerald's sons, mistress of the other. Like Dollie, Elvira has a personal life of her own, stunningly independent of the people and the attitudes of Gerald's age. To her, Gerald is a meddlesome, ineffectual figure, especially at the moments when he has convinced himself that he alone truly appreciates and can help her. She survives a love affair, and marries a young artist of dubious quality, happy to fuss over his socks and over heartening quantities of gin. She also is English, and a complete mystery to Gerald.

The men, perhaps because they are more closely perceived, come through somewhat less satisfactorily. They are profusely detailed; we know not only where they are going but which ties they choose to wear there, and why they choose them, and what they thought as they put them on. The result is sometimes confusion as to what manner of men they are; this is notably true of Gerald's son Robin, vacillating between benevolence and convenient conformism, and clouding his individuality in the process.

But this is a small complaint, as is the observation that both the style and the structure of the novel would benefit by greater consistency. It is a feat to have sketched out of forty-five personalities an episode of commanding interest. Gerald Middleton has not the stature of a single major figure in English literature, but he has the other kind of stature, the one of suggesting multiples, thousands and thousands of Middletons pursuing their lonely and bewildered way among the attitudes, from epoch to jarring epoch. If Mr. Wilson has a creed, it is that honor and decency are in the main rewarded; as in any of its line of predecessors, in this novel the good at last enjoy their equivocal triumphs, and the evil suffer. The consequence to each is continuing existence on his own terms.

For such an achievement, Mr. Wilson might deserve this tribute, from the same source book as his title:

" 'I see nobody on the road,' said Alice.

" 'I only wish *I* had such eyes,' the King remarked, in a fretful tone. 'To be able to see Nobody! And at this distance, too! Why, it's as much as *I* can do to see real people, by this light!"

Aldous Huxley as Amphibian

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $4.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

IF, AS Aldous Huxley says, man must be loquax before he is faber or sapiens, then Huxley himself is among our most representative men; and, like all good talkers, he does not take words too seriously ("Lovely surfaces carved in expressive space"). By this time, no doubt to his dismay, he is an institution, provoking the usual sentiments of piety or impiety. How many young men first heard Beethoven's *A Minor Quartet* because Spandrell, in *Point Counter Point,* found God there? And how many others read Professor Burtt's *Metaphysical Foundation of Modern Physical Science* because they were told that Aldous Huxley had been influenced by the book? Whatever the count, many of us are better informed today thanks to Mr. Huxley's writings. That he has, as the dust jacket of this volume states, "one of the most acute intelligences of modern times" is one of the true and least interesting things one could say about him.

"How pleasant," he writes, "even the most drearily uncongenial din-

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ner party would be if we could cut off the small talk and listen to a reading from some intelligent book!" I agree. But the sentiment provokes the thought that one of the benefits of a strict art form is its impersonality. Both artist and audience are delivered from the direct impediments of temperament. But there is no such immunity for the essayist. His tastes and his opinions impinge on the reader and if one does not like what is said or feels uncomfortable in the author's presence, then one's judgment is afflicted by what should be, but is not, an irrelevant prejudice. Huxley writes, for example: "There had never been a beautiful city of a million or over." I think New York is beautiful. Or, and this strikes deeper: "Shall we ever see, in religion, the equivalent of hydroponics—spiritual flowers growing, without benefit of excrement or decay, in a solution of pure love and understanding? I devoutly hope so, but, alas, have my doubts." Devoutly? Yes and I suspect spontaneously, too, without any effort.

So much for temperament. Huxley's is an experienced as well as a disciplined mind that is very nearly immune to enthusiasms. In the first two essays he states and explains, with as much clarity as his intelligence will allow, his image of man as an amphibian condemned to live in half a dozen incompatible worlds. Within each individual is a self associated with a number of "not-selves." The main business of the self is not to interfere with the doings of the not-selves who are always wiser than the self. "To know the ultimate Not-self, which transcends the other not-selves and the ego, but which is yet closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet—this is the consummation of human life, the end and ultimate purpose of individual existence." The Christian cannot fail to note the similarity, and the difference, between Huxley's statement and that of Jesus Christ: "Now this is eternal life, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou has sent." We have known for some time that Huxley has scant respect for organized religion. This volume of essays reveals Huxley as one antipathetic, not merely to churches, but to any genuine, historical Incarnation. The passion that unites these eighteen essays, the intellectual probity that recommends his work to the most alien temperament is the same passion and the same probity that denies, not so much the fact of the Incarnation, but the very possibility.

"The most intractable of our experiences is the experience of Time—the intuition of duration, combined with the thought of perpetual perishing." And at the end of the third essay, "The Desert," "And beyond survival is transfiguration; beyond and including animal grace is the grace of that other not-self, of which the desert silence and desert emptiness are the most expressive symbols." I open *Antic Hay* at random and read: "Gumbril lay perfectly still, without speaking, waiting in the enchanted, timeless darkness." Has Huxley changed radically?

No, but he is a good amphibian. Having developed into a hedgehog, he has not forgotten the arts of the fox. Alert and concerned with the world around him, be it a Sludge Plant in California, the Mormon Temple in Utah or a young Christian refugee in Jerusalem, he is always the faithful man of letters whose work it is to "purify the dialect of the tribe." In that he succeeds. Whether he will have a similar success in his other persuasions is a question of uncertain consummation.

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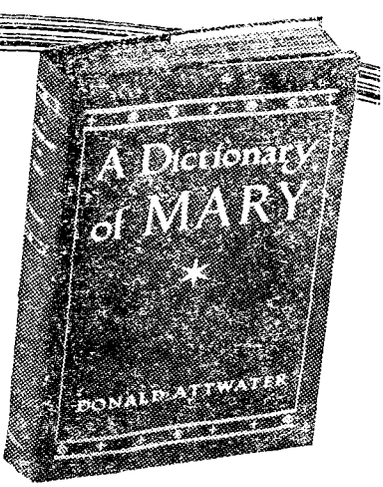

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A Sincere Critic

THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL AND OTHER PAPERS. By Randolph Bourne. Russell-Harbor Press. $3.75.

By HENRY POPKIN

RANDOLPH BOURNE is an ideal embodiment of the youth movement that collided with the first World War. He represents the "young idea" so perfectly because, unlike his contemporaries Lewis Mumford and Van Wyck Brooks, he did not outlive his youth. Dead at thirty-two, he remains a perpetually youthful figure of unflagging vigor and revolt. A dwarf, hunchbacked, grotesque in appearance, he was already established as a leading critic of literature and society when he graduated from Columbia in 1913. Identified as a disciple of John Dewey and a member of the group around the *New Republic*, Bourne stayed with his

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radicalism longer than his associates thought it prudent. His hostility to the war separated him from many of his friends. Some of his publishers disowned him; the last magazine to print his work lost its backing, and Bourne lost his income. He died penniless in 1918.

The bitterness of his life finds little echo in the urbane, assured, hopeful tone of his writing. The anger of his last essays is the confident anger of a man who knows that time will justify him. The personality he reveals is ingenuous, straightforward, sincere. Even his satires, witty as they are, tend to be rather blunt. Writing of Nicholas Murray Butler (thinly disguised as "Alexander Mackintosh Butcher"), he recorded a political triumph: "When three years ago, his long and faithful services were rewarded by the honor of second place on the Presidential ticket which swept the great states of Mormonia and Green Mountain, there were none of his friends and admirers who felt that the distinction was undeserved." Butler was an easy mark: merely to list his accomplishments was to achieve the highest irony.

Sincerity was Bourne's salient trait. It furnished the principal criterion of his literary criticism, a standard applied in this book to Gorki and Dreiser. Bourne observes, typically: "It is just the function of the literary artist that Gorki is to make everything true which he expresses." Certainly this passage calls attention to a genuine and significant quality of Gorki's autobiographies—the impression of total veracity, of authenticity in every incident. But, without questioning the value of Bourne's insight, one must still observe that sincerity, as a solitary standard of literary criticism, can be very limiting. One feels, inevitably, that literature was not Bourne's primary interest. He was a forerunner of that school of criticism which regards a literary approach to literature as "belletristic"—the school of Parrington and Hicks. Like Parrington, he substitutes social for aesthetic values.

Bourne is really at home when he is issuing his critiques of society. In the most characteristic essays, literature enters the discussion in connection with old-fashioned literary attitudes which have hardened into social attitudes. Forever Bourne is on the offensive, against the tasteless uniformity of American life, the absence of a national culture, our unplanned cities, the Philistine administration of Columbia University, the well-worn path to war. Most of all, his enemies are those who ought to be nearest to him; there is no point in quarreling with someone who does not speak the same language.

On any issue, Bourne could be counted on to take the unexpected, the uncomfortable, the unpopular position. In one essay (a general onslaught against the older generation), he came out against altruism, which he diagnosed as a cheap sort of self-gratification. Attitudes so consistently and so thoughtfully defiant are not simply freakish or spiteful. They issue from the special impersonality of a man on whom a natural infirmity had set its mark from birth. What Van Wyck Brooks delicately calls his "physical disability" helped to provide that detachment which made him a truly frank and independent critic.

I must add some less happy comment on this edition. It is not the collection of essays published in 1920 as *The History of a Literary Radical,* but there is not a word in the book to tell us so. This volume is probably more representative of Bourne's varied output, although it does not give much space to his literary criticism. The only essays which are dated are the three taken from *Untimely Papers* and dated in that volume; this omission would not be so serious if the essays were printed in chronological order. The order is haphazard, and it is therefore impossible to distinguish essays written in peace from essays written in war, or to chart the development of Bourne's ideas. He deserves better.

REVIEWERS

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1956.

Philip Sircus, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1958.)

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Approach to Politics, VII

American civil rights are based on the idea that there are certain areas where the State calls a halt on its own powers — better, where the people themselves call a halt on the State. There are certain key aspects of life which Americans have simply put beyond the competence of the political authority. Civil rights are *not* based on the idea that the citizen, by virtue of being an American, somehow gains a positive right, independent of the objective moral law or any other reality, to evolve his own morality. . . .

Our forefathers served us well. From a practical distrust of unnecessary State interference, they limited political authority drastically on such questions as religion, culture, and the exchange of ideas. Their concept of government succeeded in serving persons of many beliefs without destroying the claims of orthodoxy.

The important distinction they drew was one between society and the State (the political instrument of society). To certain voluntary social groupings (today the churches, education, labor unions, employers' associations, fraternal organizations) they wisely reserved functions that can better — and with much less danger to liberty — be performed by free communities with no weapon but the doctrine of consent. The minimum needed to maintain public order and the basic requirements of the positive common good were the standards they chose to measure the empowerments given their brave new adventure in government. These are still the standards by which Americans judge overt police action or State interference in the political, cultural, and religious areas of life.

—John Cogley in "Catholicism in America," a book based on a series of articles appearing in The Commonweal in 1953.

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